No. 1 ☐ May '89 ☐ US $2.00/Can $2.50 ☐ Suggested For Mature Readers

SKREEMER™

ONE OF 6

Peter Milligan
Brett Ewins
Steve Dillon

SKREEMER

Created by Peter Milligan & Brett Ewins

part one
"Souls to the Devil"

Peter Milligan, writer

Brett Ewins & Steve Dillon, artists

Tom Ziuko, colorist

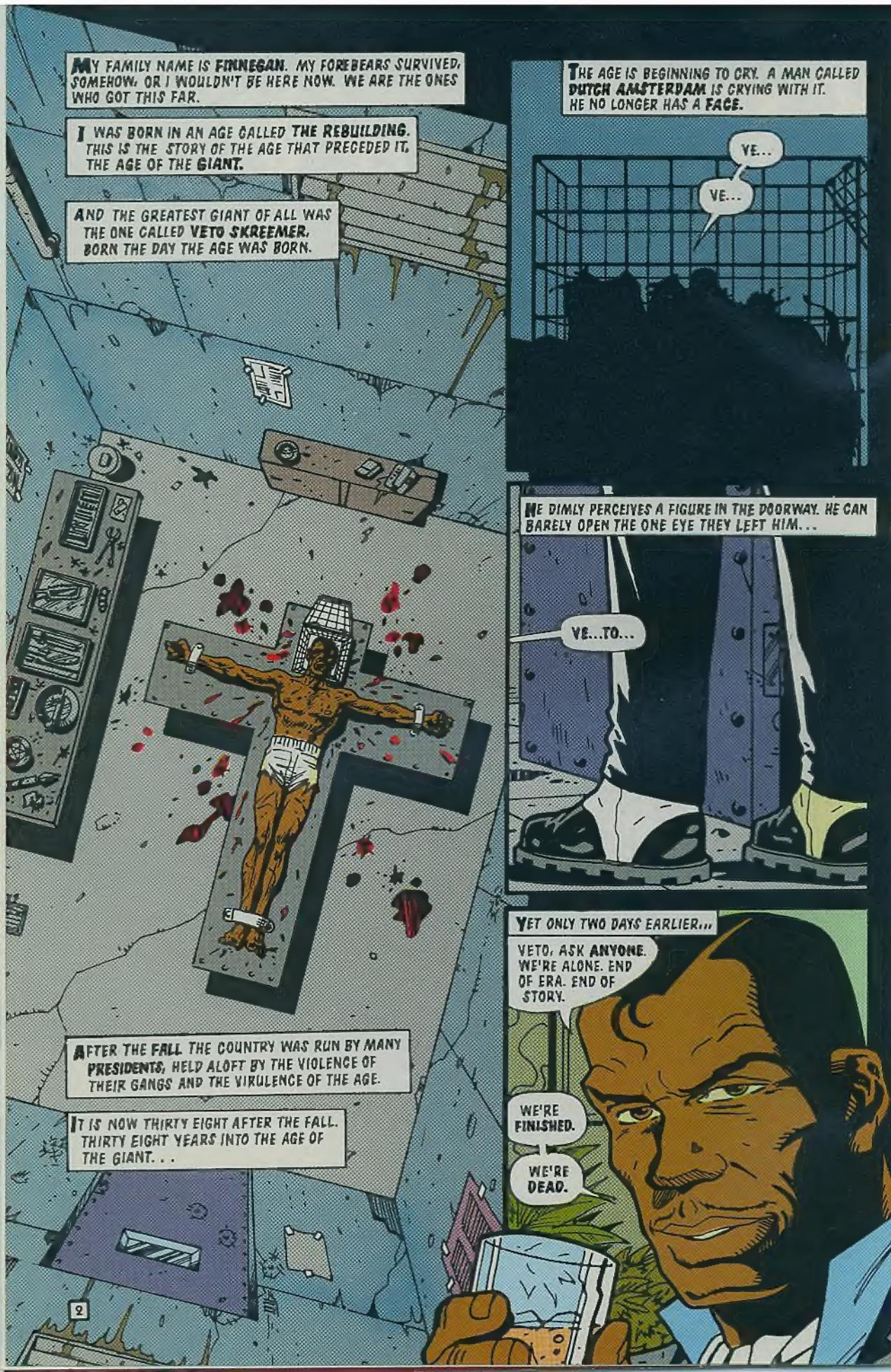
Tom Frame, letterer

Art Young, asst. editor

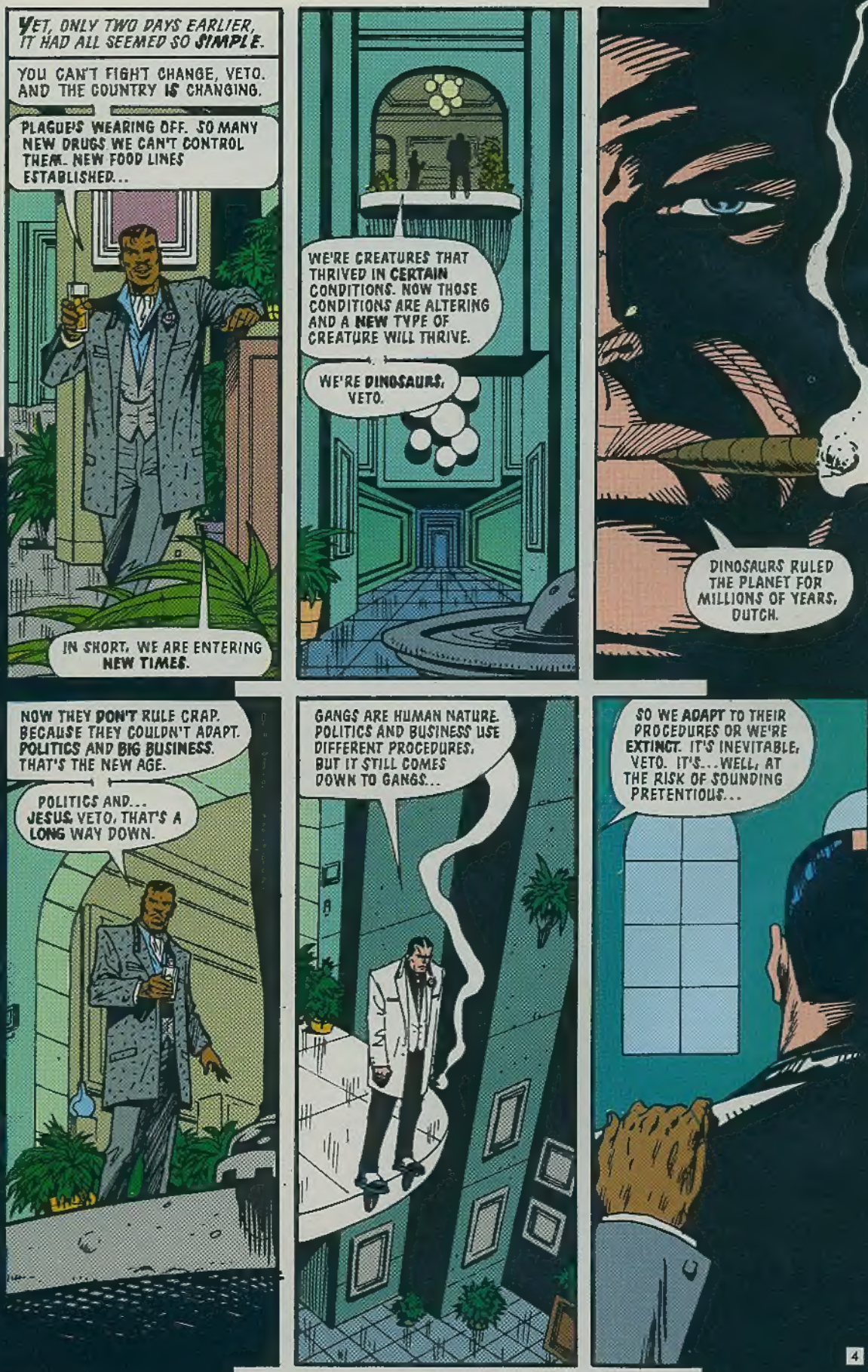
Karen Berger, editor

SKREEMER 1
Published monthly by DC Comics Inc., 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10103.
Copyright © 1989 Peter Milligan and Brett Ewins. All Rights Reserved.
All other material, excluding story pages, is copyright © 1989 DC Comics Inc.
The stories characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional.
"Skreemer" trademark of DC Comics Inc. Printed in Canada.

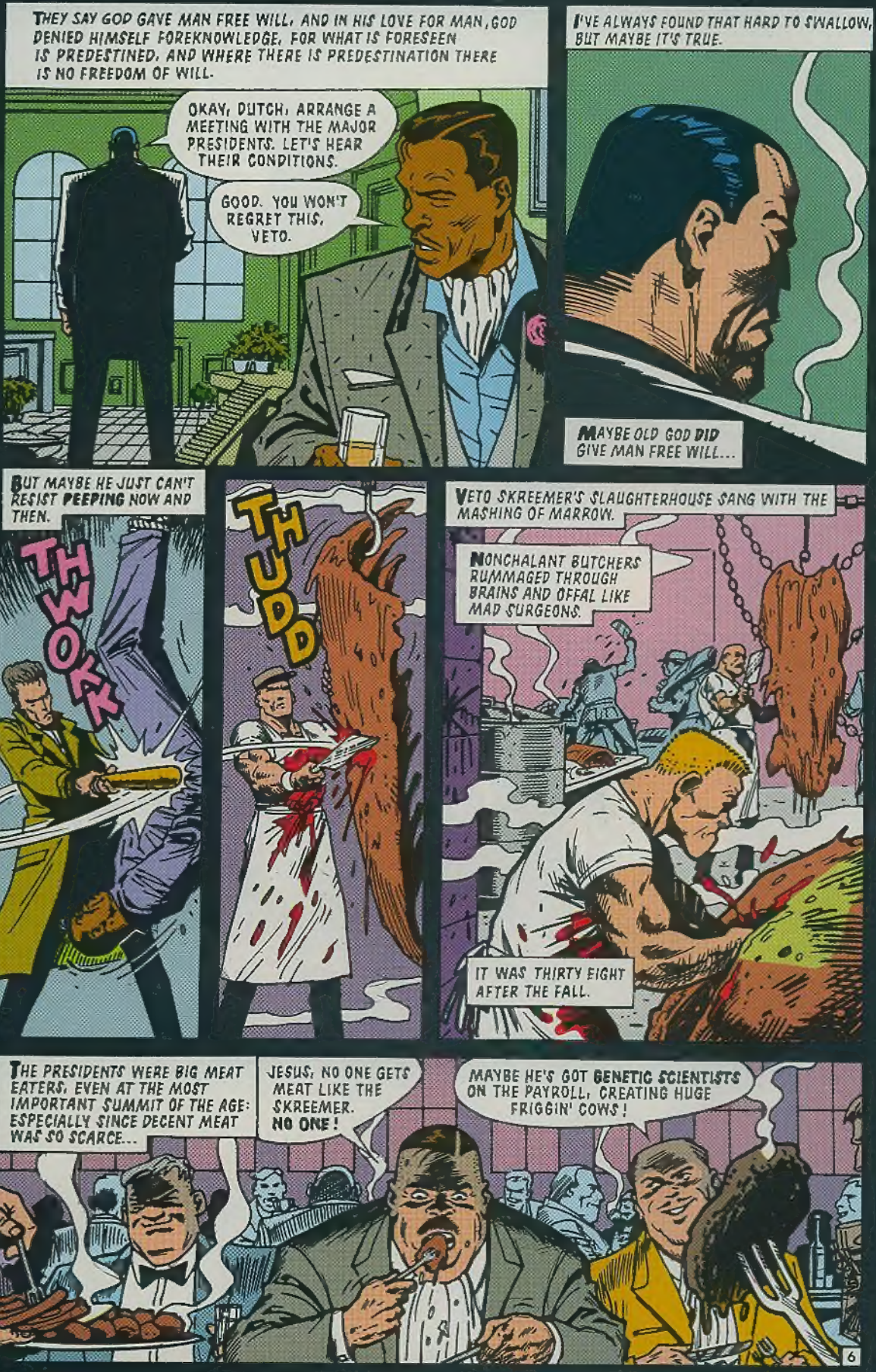
A Warner Communications Company

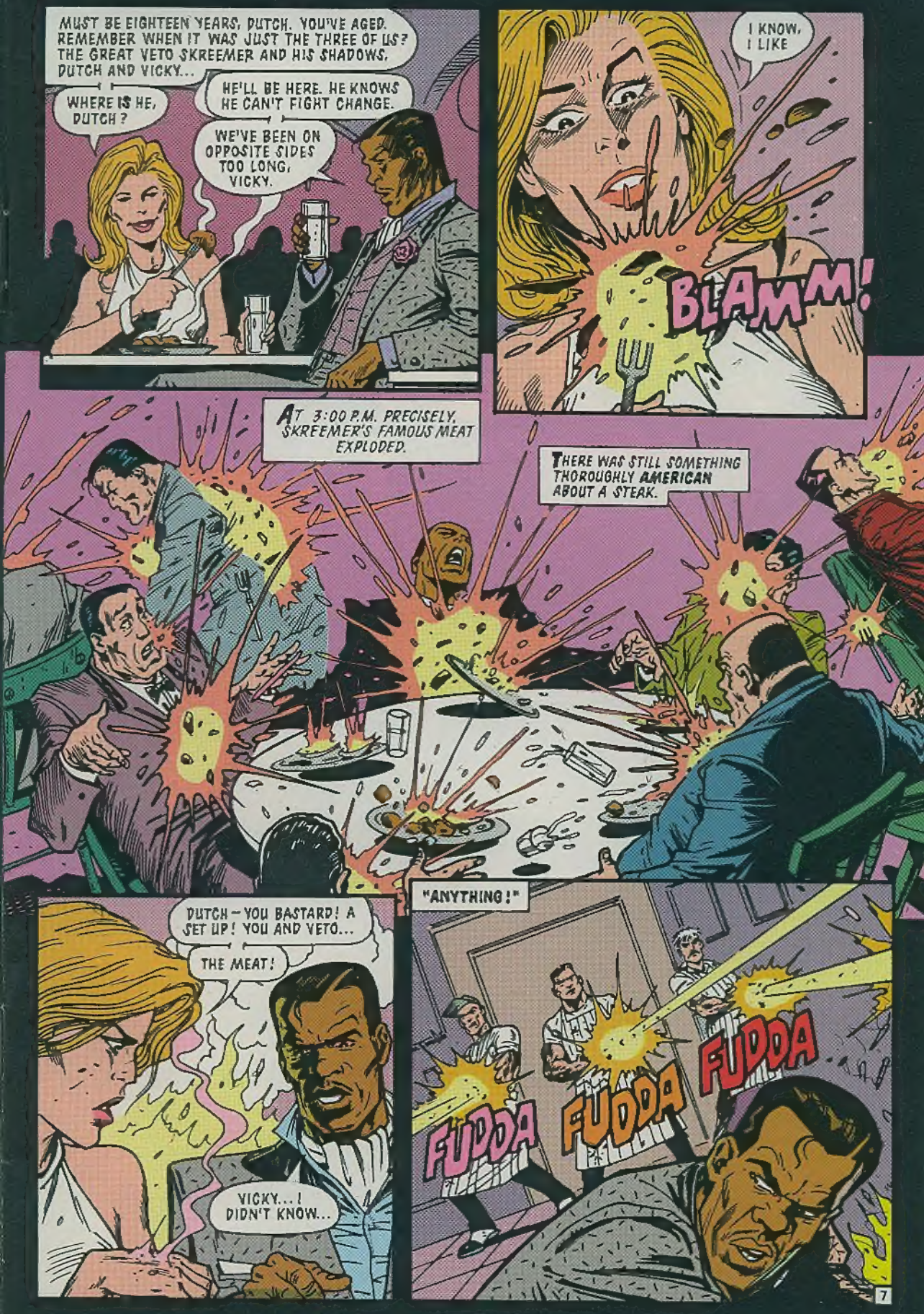

MY FAMILY NAME IS FINNEGAN. MY FOREBEARS SURVIVED, SOMEHOW. OR I WOULDN'T BE HERE NOW. WE ARE THE ONES WHO GOT THIS FAR.
I WAS BORN IN AN AGE CALLED THE REBUILDING. THIS IS THE STORY OF THE AGE THAT PRECEDED IT. THE AGE OF THE GIANT.
AND THE GREATEST GIANT OF ALL WAS THE ONE CALLED VETO SKREEMER. BORN THE DAY THE AGE WAS BORN.
AFTER THE FALL THE COUNTRY WAS RUN BY MANY PRESIDENTS, HELD ALOFT BY THE VIOLENCE OF THEIR GANGS AND THE VIRULENCE OF THE AGE.
IT IS NOW THIRTY EIGHT AFTER THE FALL. THIRTY EIGHT YEARS INTO THE AGE OF THE GIANT. . .
THE AGE IS BEGINNING TO CRY. A MAN CALLED DUTCH AMSTERDAM IS CRYING WITH IT. HE NO LONGER HAS A FACE.
YE...
YE...
HE DIMLY PERCEIVES A FIGURE IN THE DOORWAY. HE CAN BARELY OPEN THE ONE EYE THEY LEFT HIM. . .
YE...TO...
YET ONLY TWO DAYS EARLIER...
VETO, ASK ANYONE. WE'RE ALONE. END OF ERA. END OF STORY.
WE'RE FINISHED.
WE'RE DEAD.
2

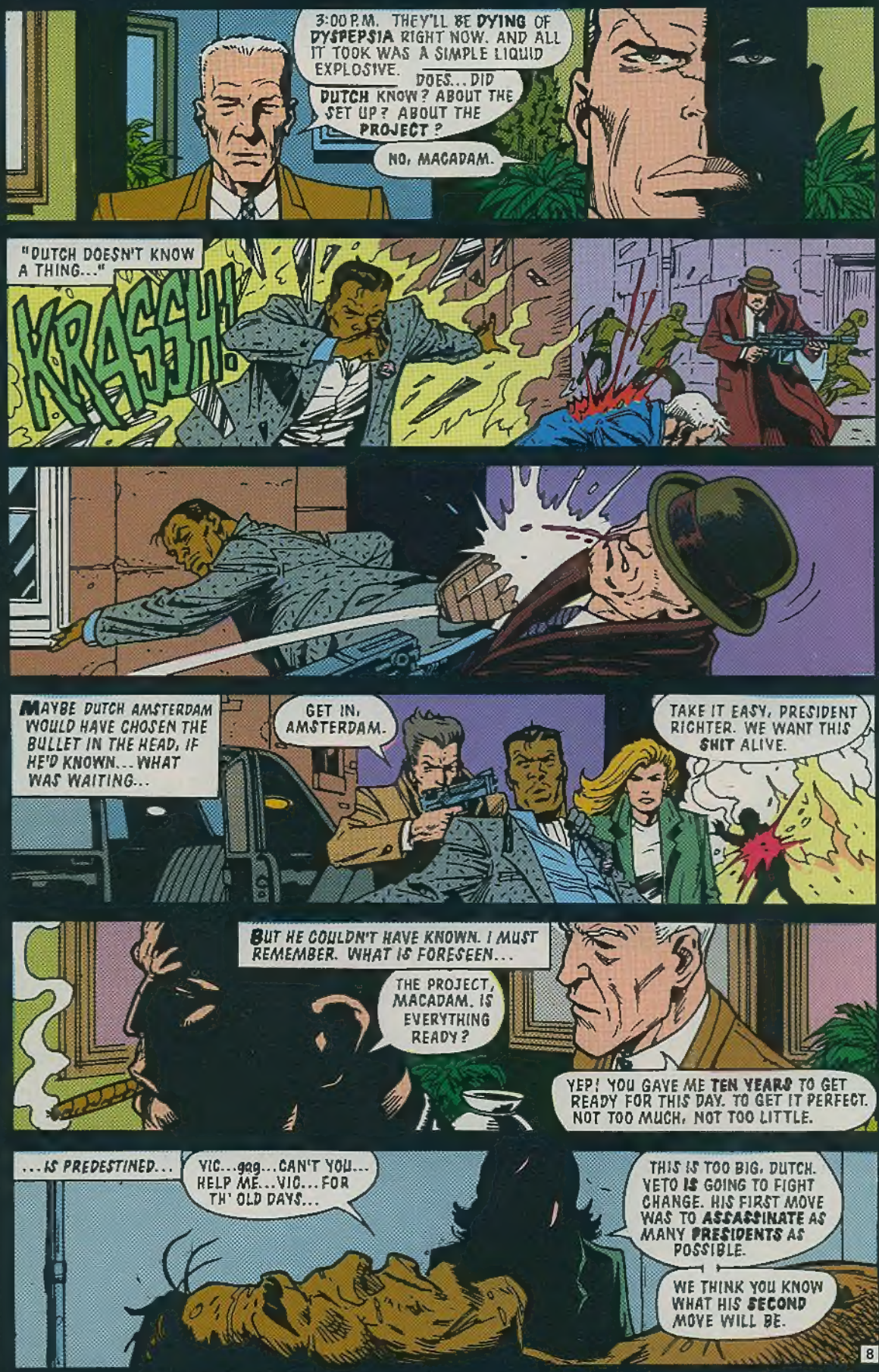
IT WAS THIRTY EIGHT AFTER THE FALL...
DUTCH AMSTERDAM MUST HAVE STILL BEEN CONSCIOUS WHEN THEY CARRIED HIM FROM THE CAR INTO THE BUILDING.
THE PRESIDENTS OF THE BIGGEST THIRTY GANGS OF AMERICA KNEW THE OLD AGE WAS CHANGING, AND KNEW THEY HAD TO CHANGE WITH IT.
DUTCH SWALLOWED BLOOD AND BROKEN TEETH AND THOUGHT ABOUT VETO SKREEMER.
"OKAY." VETO HAD SAID.
HE COULDN'T FIGHT CHANGE. COULDN'T STOP THE WHEEL OF DEATH AND REBIRTH.
"ARRANGE A MEETING", HE'D SAID.
mgmmm... VIC... VICKY... PLEASE...
"ARRANGE A MEETING".
"WITH THE MAJOR PRESIDENTS".
THIS IS VICTORIA, DUTCH. PLEASE. I DON'T WANT THIS. HE DOESN'T CARE ABOUT YOU. HE NEVER CARED ABOUT ANY OF US.
TELL ME...
IT WAS THIRTY EIGHT AFTER THE FALL.
OH...GOD. WE... W-WE MADE IT. PULL... PULL THE ROPE UP...
IT'S...IT'S UP... HAH HAH... ISHH UP!
TODAY, FIFTEEN PRESIDENTS WERE ASSASSINATED.
3


YET, ONLY TWO DAYS EARLIER, IT HAD ALL SEEMED SO SIMPLE.
YOU CAN'T FIGHT CHANGE, VETO. AND THE COUNTRY IS CHANGING.
PLAGUE'S WEARING OFF. SO MANY NEW DRUGS WE CAN'T CONTROL THEM. NEW FOOD LINES ESTABLISHED...
IN SHORT, WE ARE ENTERING NEW TIMES.
WE'RE CREATURES THAT THRIVED IN CERTAIN CONDITIONS. NOW THOSE CONDITIONS ARE ALTERING AND A NEW TYPE OF CREATURE WILL THRIVE.
WE'RE DINOSAURS, VETO.
DINOSAURS RULED THE PLANET FOR MILLIONS OF YEARS, DUTCH.
NOW THEY DON'T RULE CRAP. BECAUSE THEY COULDN'T ADAPT. POLITICS AND BIG BUSINESS. THAT'S THE NEW AGE.
POLITICS AND... JESUS, VETO, THAT'S A LONG WAY DOWN.
GANGS ARE HUMAN NATURE. POLITICS AND BUSINESS USE DIFFERENT PROCEDURES, BUT IT STILL COMES DOWN TO GANGS...
SO WE ADAPT TO THEIR PROCEDURES OR WE'RE EXTINCT. IT'S INEVITABLE, VETO. IT'S...WELL, AT THE RISK OF SOUNDING PRETENTIOUS...

IT'S... DESTINY.
DESTINY? YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN MAN'S FREE WILL THEN, DUTCH?
FREE...HELL, I DON'T KNOW. YES, I SUPPOSE YOU'VE GOT FREE WILL. BUT SOMETIMES YOU'VE GOT NO CHOICE.

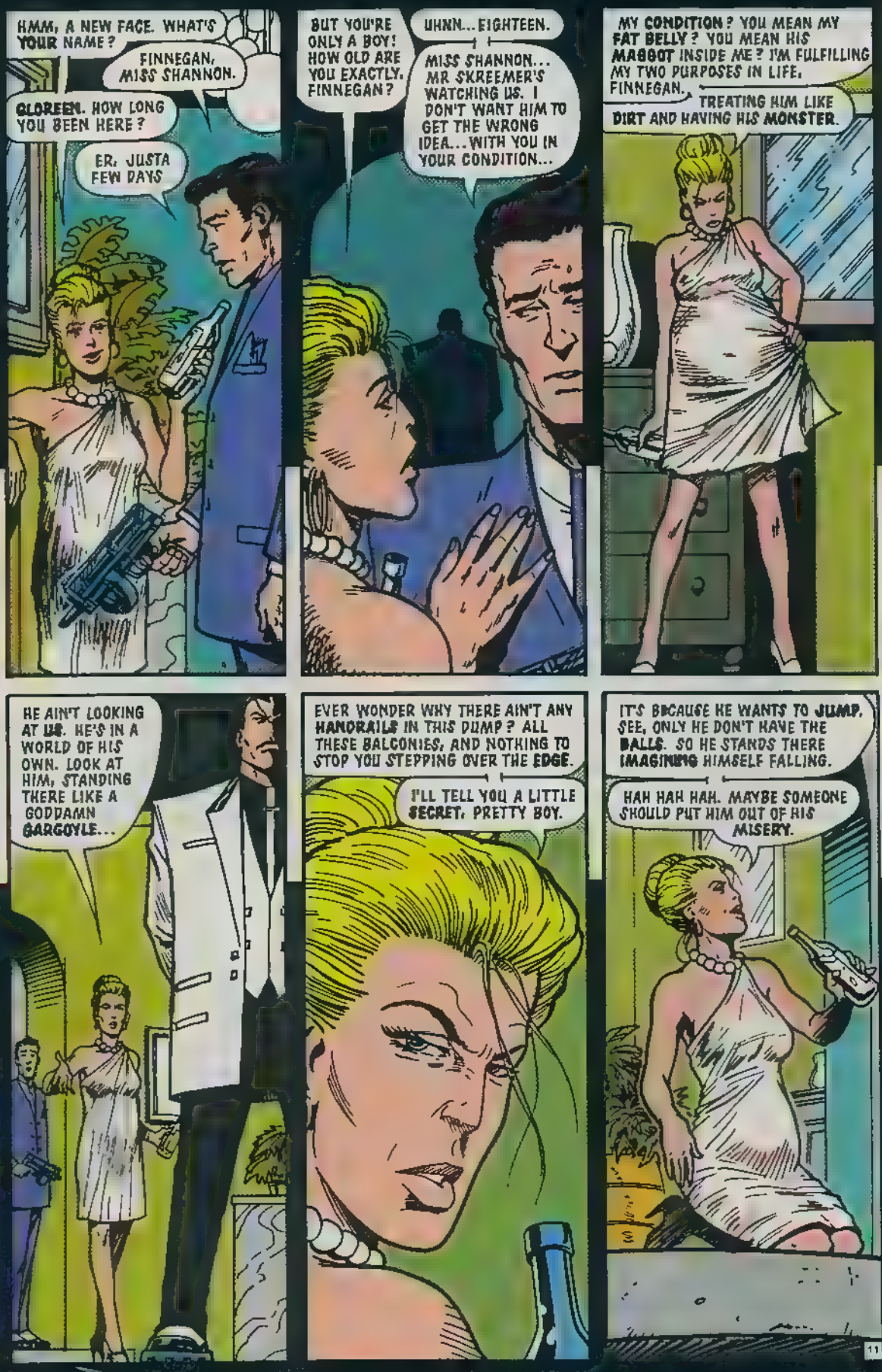

THEY SAY GOD GAVE MAN FREE WILL. AND IN HIS LOVE FOR MAN, GOD DENIED HIMSELF FOREKNOWLEDGE. FOR WHAT IS FORESEEN IS PREDESTINED. AND WHERE THERE IS PREDESTINATION THERE IS NO FREEDOM OF WILL.
OKAY, DUTCH, ARRANGE A MEETING WITH THE MAJOR PRESIDENTS. LET'S HEAR THEIR CONDITIONS.
GOOD. YOU WON'T REGRET THIS, VETO.
I'VE ALWAYS FOUND THAT HARD TO SWALLOW, BUT MAYBE IT'S TRUE.
MAYBE OLD GOD DID GIVE MAN FREE WILL...
BUT MAYBE HE JUST CAN'T RESIST PEEPING NOW AND THEN.
THWOKK
THUDD
VETO SKREEMER'S SLAUGHTERHOUSE SANG WITH THE MASHING OF MARROW.
NONCHALANT BUTCHERS RUMMAGED THROUGH BRAINS AND OFFAL LIKE MAD SURGEONS.
IT WAS THIRTY EIGHT AFTER THE FALL.
THE PRESIDENTS WERE BIG MEAT EATERS. EVEN AT THE MOST IMPORTANT SUMMIT OF THE AGE: ESPECIALLY SINCE DECENT MEAT WAS SO SCARCE...
JESUS, NO ONE GETS MEAT LIKE THE SKREEMER. NO ONE!
MAYBE HE'S GOT GENETIC SCIENTISTS ON THE PAYROLL, CREATING HUGE FRIGGIN' COWS!
6


MUST BE EIGHTEEN YEARS, DUTCH. YOU'VE AGED. REMEMBER WHEN IT WAS JUST THE THREE OF US? THE GREAT VETO SKREEMER AND HIS SHADOWS, DUTCH AND VICKY...
WHERE IS HE, DUTCH?
HE'LL BE HERE. HE KNOWS HE CAN'T FIGHT CHANGE.
WE'VE BEEN ON OPPOSITE SIDES TOO LONG, VICKY.
I KNOW, I LIKE
BLAMM!
AT 3:00 P.M. PRECISELY, SKREEMER'S FAMOUS MEAT EXPLODED.
THERE WAS STILL SOMETHING THOROUGHLY AMERICAN ABOUT A STEAK.
DUTCH—YOU BASTARD! A SET UP! YOU AND VETO...
THE MEAT!
VICKY...! DIDN'T KNOW...
"ANYTHING!"
FUDDA
FUDDA
FUDDA


3:00 P.M. THEY'LL BE DYING OF DYSPEPSIA RIGHT NOW. AND ALL IT TOOK WAS A SIMPLE LIQUID EXPLOSIVE.
DOES... DID DUTCH KNOW? ABOUT THE SET UP? ABOUT THE PROJECT?
NO, MACADAM.
"DUTCH DOESN'T KNOW A THING..."
KRASSH!
MAYBE DUTCH AMSTERDAM WOULD HAVE CHOSEN THE BULLET IN THE HEAD, IF HE'D KNOWN... WHAT WAS WAITING...
GET IN, AMSTERDAM.
TAKE IT EASY, PRESIDENT RICHTER. WE WANT THIS SHIT ALIVE.
BUT HE COULDN'T HAVE KNOWN. I MUST REMEMBER. WHAT IS FORESEEN...
THE PROJECT, MACADAM. IS EVERYTHING READY?
YEP! YOU GAVE ME TEN YEARS TO GET READY FOR THIS DAY. TO GET IT PERFECT. NOT TOO MUCH, NOT TOO LITTLE.
...IS PREDESTINED...
VIC...gag...CAN'T YOU... HELP ME...VIC...FOR TH' OLD DAYS...
THIS IS TOO BIG, DUTCH. YETO IS GOING TO FIGHT CHANGE. HIS FIRST MOVE WAS TO ASSASSINATE AS MANY PRESIDENTS AS POSSIBLE.
WE THINK YOU KNOW WHAT HIS SECOND MOVE WILL BE.

THIS CAGE FITS OVER YOUR FACE. THEN IT'S FIXED TO THE TABLE. CAGE. FACE. TABLE. GOT THAT?
OPEN THE BOX, PRESIDENT ANDREWS.
I'M SORRY, DUTCH.
A LITTLE MONSTER, ISN'T IT? SCABBY, CANCEROUS, COVERED IN WEEPING BUBOES, AND VERY NASTY.
I THINK THIS RODENT BELONGS IN A CAGE, DON'T YOU?
WHEN THE RAT'S IN THE CAGE THE CAGE WILL BE SHUT. A CANDLE WILL BE PLACED ON THE CAGE. RATTY'S TERRIFIED OF FIRE, DUTCH.
IT WILL BITE AND CLAW LIKE CRAZY TO GET AWAY FROM FIRE.
BUT ITS ONLY WAY OUT WILL BE DOWN, DUTCH. DOWN THROUGH YOUR FACE. THINK ABOUT IT.
THOSE CLAWS, THOSE TEETH, DIGGING INTO YOUR NOSE, GNAWING AT YOUR EYES, BURROWING INTO YOUR SCREAMING MOUTH...
UNLESS YOU TELL US...
OH GOD PLEASE... PLEASE, I DON'T KNOW. PLEASE... NO!
NOT GOOD ENOUGH, DUTCH.

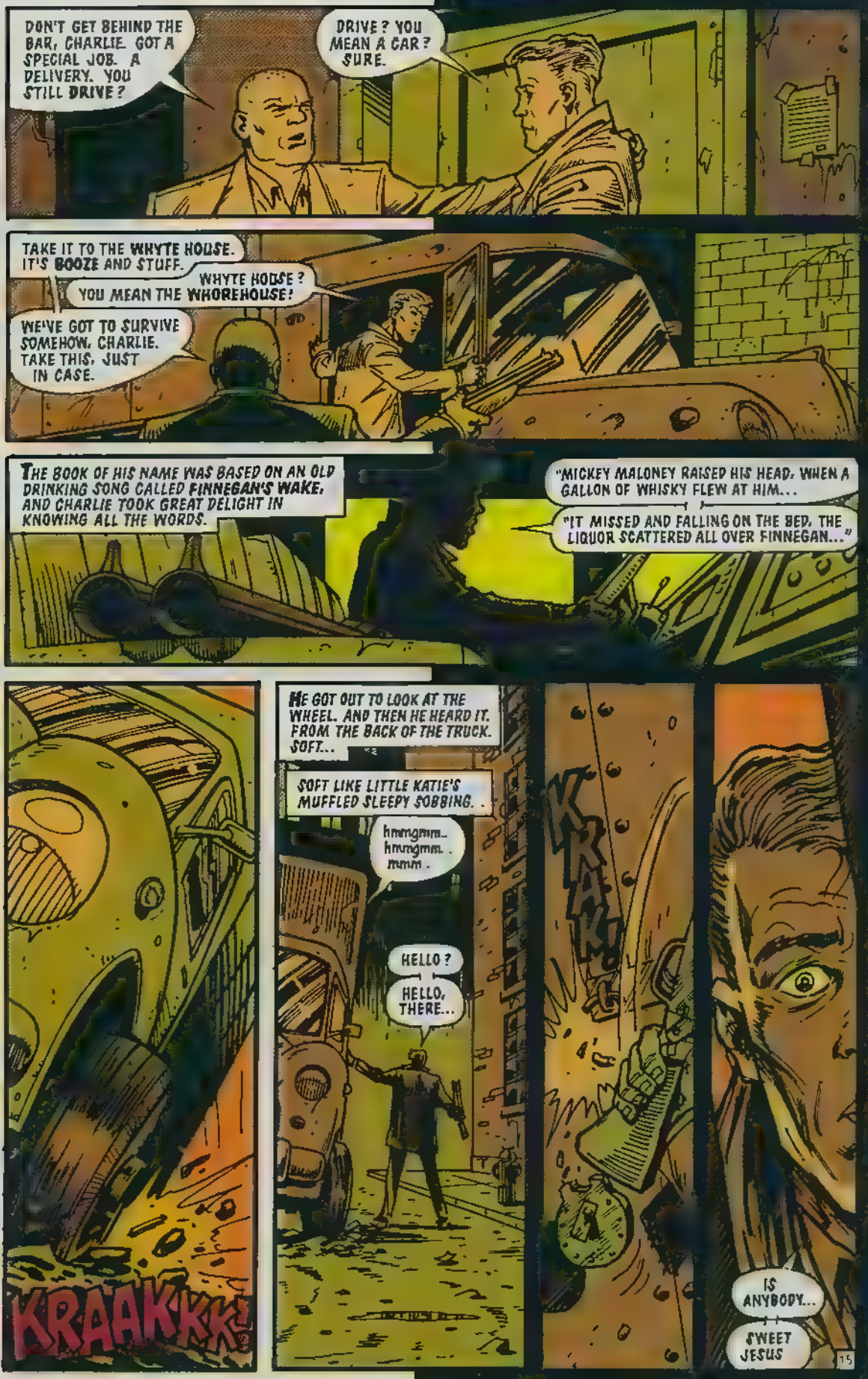
"NOT NEARLY GOOD ENOUGH."


HMM, A NEW FACE. WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
FINNEGAN, MISS SHANNON.
GLOREEN. HOW LONG YOU BEEN HERE?
ER, JUSTA FEW DAYS
BUT YOU'RE ONLY A BOY! HOW OLD ARE YOU EXACTLY, FINNEGAN?
UHNN... EIGHTEEN.
MISS SHANNON... MR SKREEMER'S WATCHING US. I DON'T WANT HIM TO GET THE WRONG IDEA... WITH YOU IN YOUR CONDITION...
MY CONDITION? YOU MEAN MY FAT BELLY? YOU MEAN HIS MAGGOT INSIDE ME? I'M FULFILLING MY TWO PURPOSES IN LIFE, FINNEGAN.
TREATING HIM LIKE DIRT AND HAVING HIS MONSTER.
HE AIN'T LOOKING AT US. HE'S IN A WORLD OF HIS OWN. LOOK AT HIM, STANDING THERE LIKE A GODDAMN GARGOYLE...
EVER WONDER WHY THERE AIN'T ANY HANDRAILS IN THIS DUMP? ALL THESE BALCONIES, AND NOTHING TO STOP YOU STEPPING OVER THE EDGE.
I'LL TELL YOU A LITTLE SECRET, PRETTY BOY.
IT'S BECAUSE HE WANTS TO JUMP. SEE, ONLY HE DON'T HAVE THE BALLS. SO HE STANDS THERE IMAGINING HIMSELF FALLING.
HAH HAH HAH. MAYBE SOMEONE SHOULD PUT HIM OUT OF HIS MISERY.

"AND GIVE HIM A PUSH."
WE'VE ACCOUNTED FOR FIFTEEN PRES DENTS. VICTORIA CRANDLER'S NOT AMONG THEM. NO SIGN OF DUTCH. THEY'VE PROBABLY GOT HIM.
LUCKY YOU DIDN'T TELL HIM ANYTHING, VETO. THEY'LL BE WORKING ON HIM NOW
VETO ?
VETO, YOU ALL RIGHT ?
"VETO! QUIT DAYDREAMING AND GEDAWAY FROM THAT EDGE!"
ITS THERE TO SEE, BUT I CAN'T SEE NO MORE. JUST BLOODY RAT'S GUTS AND DARKNESS.
WHAT YOU UP TO ANYHOW, VETO? WHAT YOU DOING WITH THAT PIPE ?
NOTHING, DAD.

"NOTHING, DAD" ALWAYS NOTHING WITH YOU, BOY. AIN'T WORTH NOTHING TO ME, ANYHOW. JUST A WEIGHT ROUND MY NECK
YOU LISTENING, MR NOTHING?
IT WAS NINE YEARS AFTER THE FALL...
AND VETO, TOO, WAS NINE YEARS OLD, SHARING A BIRTHDAY WITH AN AGE
BORN AS WILD THUNDER DROWNED HIS MOTHER'S AGONY...
MY OWN MOTHER WAS NOT YET BORN, BUT I IMAGINE THE WORLD WAITING FOR HER.
I IMAGINE A WORLD OF SALLOW BUILDINGS AND SALLOW COMPLEXIONS; OF STEAMY SMELLS DRIFTING THROUGH OPEN WINDOWS...
OF SICKNESS AND HUNGER, AND THE STRUGGLE TO LIVE ANOTHER DAY
AS WE RE-CREATE THE PAST WE BECOME A KIND OF GOD, BREATHING LIFE INTO DUST, AND LIKE GOD WE MUST DENY OURSELVES FOREKNOWLEDGE.
THE WORLD WAS NOT REALLY WAITING FOR MY MOTHER

MY GRANDFATHER, THOUGH, WAS WAITING FOR HIS TEA, IN THE DAMP TWO-ROOM APARTMENT HE SHARED WITH HIS WIFE AND FOUR CHILDREN
I'M LATE ALREADY, KARLA CASEY SAYS HE'LL HAVE TO BE LETTING SOME PEOPLE GO, SO I DON'T WANT TO GET INTO HIS BAD BOOKS.
HE KNOWS YOU'RE THE BEST MAN HE'S GOT. CHARLIE DRINK YOUR TEA
AND DON'T FORGET TO KISS KATIE. SHE'S BAD AGAIN IT'S THE THROAT
MY GRANDFATHER HAD BLUE EYES SOMETIMES THEY WERE BLUER THAN THE BLUEST SKY, SOMETIMES GREY AS THE OCEAN HE'D CROSSED IN HIS YOUTH FROM IRELAND
THERE WAS A FUNERAL FOR MRS STAPLETON THIS MORNING, KARLA
HIS NAME WAS CHARLES FINNEGAN HE LIKED HIS NAME
MRS STAPLETON? AH, SHE'S NOT DEAD TOO, IS SHE?
WELL, IT SEEMS SOMEONE'S TAKEN THE LIBERTY OF BURYING HER
I'LL SEE IF I CAN BRING SOMETHING HOME FOR KATE.
HE LIKED THE FACT THAT HE SHARED HIS NAME WITH A BOOK CALLED FINNEGANS WAKE THAT HAD NO REAL BEGINNING OR END AND THAT MOST PEOPLE COULDN'T MAKE HEAD NOR TAIL OF
CASEY'S B
IF HE HAD A PHILOSOPHY IT WAS THAT LIFE WAS LIKE THAT. IT WENT ROUND IN CIRCLES AND WAS FAR TOO COMPLICATED TO UNDERSTAND. "LEAVE THAT STUFF TO GOD AND JAMES JOYCE," HE'D SAY.
GOOD CROWD, MR CASEY
MAYBE SO, CHARLIE. BUT MOST OF THEM ARE JUST HERE TO KEEP WARM.
DAMN BOOZE EVAPORATES QUICKER THAN THESE GUYS DRINK IT.


DON'T GET BEHIND THE BAR, CHARLIE. GOT A SPECIAL JOB. A DELIVERY. YOU STILL DRIVE?
DRIVE? YOU MEAN A CAR? SURE.
TAKE IT TO THE WHYTE HOUSE. IT'S BOOZE AND STUFF.
WHYTE HOUSE? YOU MEAN THE WHOREHOUSE!
WE'VE GOT TO SURVIVE SOMEHOW, CHARLIE. TAKE THIS, JUST IN CASE.
THE BOOK OF HIS NAME WAS BASED ON AN OLD DRINKING SONG CALLED FINNEGAN'S WAKE, AND CHARLIE TOOK GREAT DELIGHT IN KNOWING ALL THE WORDS.
"MICKEY MALONEY RAISED HIS HEAD, WHEN A GALLON OF WHISKY FLEW AT HIM...
"IT MISSED AND FALLING ON THE BED, THE LIQUOR SCATTERED ALL OVER FINNEGAN..."
KRAAKKK
HE GOT OUT TO LOOK AT THE WHEEL. AND THEN HE HEARD IT. FROM THE BACK OF THE TRUCK. SOFT...
SOFT LIKE LITTLE KATIE'S MUFFLED SLEEPY SOBBING...
hmmgmm.. hmmgmm.. mmm.
HELLO?
HELLO, THERE...
KRAKKK
IS ANYBODY...
SWEET JESUS

BACK SO SOON, FINNEGAN ?
WHAT IN HELL. .?
YOU WHORE'S BASTARD. YOU KNEW. DIDN'T YOU ?
GMPHHH
NOT BOOZE. GIRLS. CHILDREN. STOLEN FROM PARENTS AND DRAGGED OFF STREETS, TO PLEASE THOSE GREASY, POX-RIDDEN...
CHARLIE! I HAD NO CHOICE! 'LESS I DO WHAT WHYTE SAYS HE'LL FINISH ME KILL ME...
WH-WHAT DID YOU DO WITH THE OTHER GIRLS ?
I LET 'EM GO, CASEY.
LOOK AT HER. NO OLDER THAN MY KATE. NINE AT MOST. THIS WAS YOUR CHOICE ?
YOU'RE A FOOL, FINNEGAN. YOU'VE LOST YOUR JOB VANISH. MOVE TO ANOTHER AREA BEFORE WHYTE FINDS YOU.
HE WAS EXPECTING THOSE GIRLS...
AH, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT, CHARLIE. THESE ARE BAD TIMES. THEY MAKE US ALL BAD. NOTHING WE CAN DO ABOUT IT.
YOU'D BETTER BE MOVING.

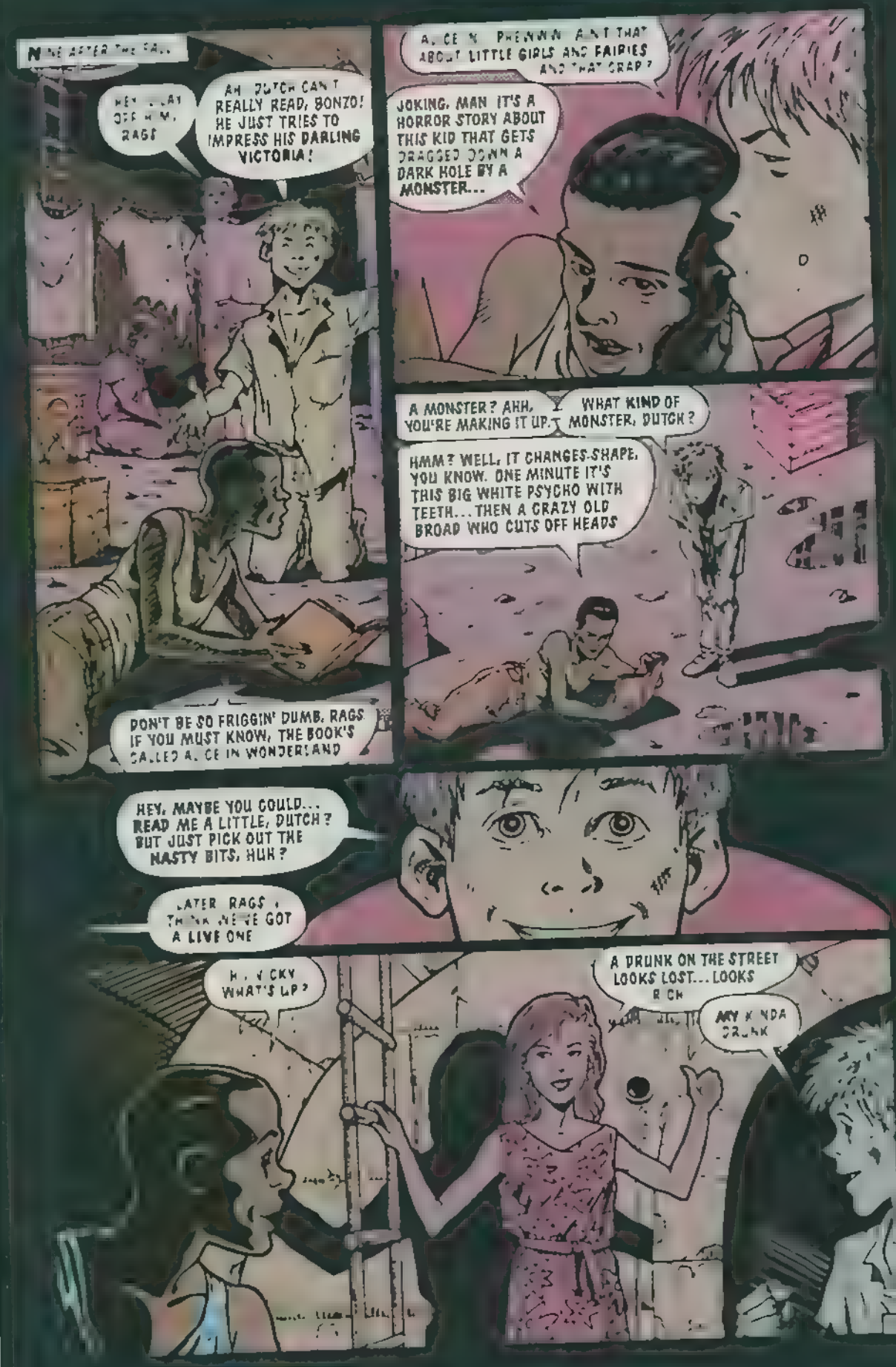
MOVING WAS IN MY GRANDFATHER'S BLOOD HIS PEOPLE HAD FLED INVADERS, FAMINE AND POVERTY FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS. THEY LOADED THE SCRAPS OF THEIR LIVES ONTO A CART
BUT, CHARLIE, WHAT'LL WE DO? KATE'S HARDLY FIT TO MOVE, AND WE'VE NO FOOD TO SPEAK OF.
DON'T YOU WORRY, GIRL. I'VE GOT PLANS. WE WON'T LET THE BASTARDS BEAT US.
AND THEY MOVED
VETO! GIVE US A HAND HERE
HEH HEH, DID WELL TODAY. THAT LAST ONE YOU FOUND HALF DEAD IN THE ALLEY WAS LOADED...
XXX
WHERE'RE YOU GOING, VETO? YOU SEEN SOMETHING?
WEIRD LITTLE RUNT...
H-HUH?
UHH... HI THERE, PAL. YOU -
Y-YOU WANT A DRINK OR SOMETHING?
XXX
THAT'S RIGHT. TAKE THE LOT. IT'S YOURS.
WELL, GUESS I'LL BE GETTING ALONG NOW. NICE MEETING YOU.

GMMM... TH...THAT HURTS... S'OKAY, THOUGH...
Y-YOUR LITTLE JOKE, EH?
YEAH. MY LITTLE JOKE
FUNNY, HUH?
THWOCK
BOY? YOU'RE GONNA BE NICE TO ME, AIN'T YA?
I CAN SEE YOU, BOY

I CAN SEE YOU, BOY.
I CAN SEE HIM. I'VE WATCHED HIM. NOW HE WALKS TOWARDS ME
HE WALKS SLOWLY, WIPING SPIT FROM HIS LIPS WITH HIS CUFF.
I WALK SLOWLY. SLOWLY DOWN A BARE CORRIDOR. I SMELL URINE ON THE WALLS. THE FLOORBOARDS SIGH UNDER MY FEET
"I FEEL AN ACHE IN THE PIT OF MY GUTS AS THOUGH I'M GOING TO WET MYSELF .."
NO USE RUNNING, BOY HEH HEH
NO USE AT ALL. WE'RE GONNA HAVE SOME FUN. HEH HEH.
"BUT I'M NOT RUNNING.
HEY. YOU'RE A PRETTY LITTLE BOY. NICE SOFT SKIN, I BET. LIKE A GIRL'S.
YOU SEE WHAT I DID TO YOUR OLD...
"I'M WAITING.
" AS WERE THE TWO RAT TRAPS, BENEATH THE ROTTEN FLOORBOARDS."
THWAANG THWAANG
CHRIST! STINKING LITTLE... YOU WERE READY FOR ME...
DON'T JUST STAND THERE. GODDAMN THING'S EATING THROUGH MY LEGS!

"HE GOES QUIET AS I PICK UP THE PIECE OF PIPING. I'D LEFT IT THERE THE PREVIOUS DAY.
"HE GOES SO QUIET
"AND HE LOOKS SO STUPID, WITH HIS LEGS ALL TWISTED UP AND BLEEDING, AND WITH HIS STUPID GRIN..."
AW...COME ON, KID. YOU CAN'T DO THAT. YOU AIN'T GOT THE BALLS...
"I'D NEVER KILLED A MAN BEFORE BUT IT WAS EASY. ONCE YOU'VE KILLED A WOMAN, YOU CAN KILL A MAN.
"I SEE THE SHADOW ON THE WALL AS I LIFT THE PIPE "
EVERY TIME I LIFT IT AND BRING IT DOWN, THE SHADOW SEEMS SUBTLY DIFFERENT.
I LOSE TRACK OF TIME. OF HOW OFTEN I'VE LIFTED MY ARM...
"LATER I LOOK AT MY FATHER
"I LOOK AT THE SHAPES AND PATTERNS, THE SPLASHES AND STAINS
"AS THE LIGHT SLOWLY CHANGES "
SOON I STOP SEEING MY FATHER. IT'S JUST MORE SHAPES, MAKING MORE PATTERNS, CASTING MORE SHADOWS...
LONG SHADOWS. LIKE HIEROGLYPHICS DARK. HIS FACE. GET IT OFF HIM
HE DOESN'T.
90

GET T OFF HIM HE DOESN'T KNOW ANYTHING WE BETTER GO BEFORE SKREEMER SHOWS UP
I WANT THE BASTARD TO FIND HIM HERE TO SEE WHAT HE'S DONE WHAT WE'VE BOTH DONE...
HOW CAN YOU BE SURE HE DOESN'T KNOW ANYTHING?
I'VE KNOWN DUTCH AMSTERDAM SINCE I WAS SIX, RICHTER
NOW GET IT OFF HIM, OR I'LL KILL YOU
TOUCHEE
YOU'RE LUCKY, DUTCH, REAL ..
OHHH. MAYBE NOT SO LUCKY
"MAYBE NOT LUCKY AT ALL!"
gmmm . VE . VE...TO..
DUTCH ..
HEY DUTCHY.
YOU PLAYING WITH YOURSELF AGAIN, DUTCH? HAW HAW!
DROP DEAD, RAGS. I WAS LOOKING AT MY BOOK

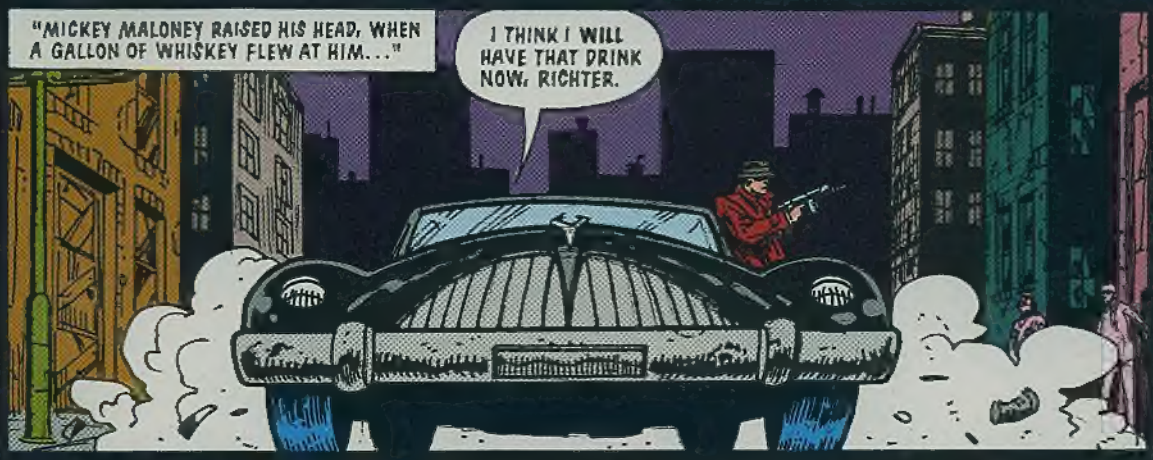

NINE AFTER THE FALL
HEY, LAY OFF HIM, RAGS!
AH, DUTCH CAN'T REALLY READ, BONZO! HE JUST TRIES TO IMPRESS HIS DARLING VICTORIA!
DON'T BE SO FRIGGIN' DUMB, RAGS IF YOU MUST KNOW, THE BOOK'S CALLED A. CE IN WONDERLAND
A. CE N PHENNN ANT THAT ABOUT LITTLE GIRLS AND FAIRIES AND THAT CRAP?
JOKING, MAN IT'S A HORROR STORY ABOUT THIS KID THAT GETS DRAGGED DOWN A DARK HOLE BY A MONSTER...
A MONSTER? AHH, YOU'RE MAKING IT UP.
WHAT KIND OF MONSTER, DUTCH?
HMM? WELL, IT CHANGES SHAPE, YOU KNOW. ONE MINUTE IT'S THIS BIG WHITE PSYCHO WITH TEETH... THEN A CRAZY OLD BROAD WHO CUTS OFF HEADS
HEY, MAYBE YOU COULD... READ ME A LITTLE, DUTCH? BUT JUST PICK OUT THE NASTY BITS, HUH?
LATER RAGS, I THINK WE'VE GOT A LIVE ONE
HEY CKY WHAT'S UP?
A DRUNK ON THE STREET LOOKS LOST... LOOKS RICH
MY KINDA DRUNK

"LOOK AT HIM. PICKLED AS SHIT. AND LOOK AT THAT WATCH. HE'S JUST DEGGING US TO TAKE HIM."
HIC!...O SKAY. . DOSH THE STAR STANGLED BANNASHET WAVE
BOSHH!
WASHHH
HE'S OUT COLD!
WHAT A SHOT ! BET I'VE D YOU SEE IT? HEY, DID YOU SEE IT DUDE?
YEAH YEAH VERY IMPRESSIVE RAGS
WHAT'S HE CARRYING, VICKY?
PLENTY. TOBACCO. CHOCOLATE... A KNIFE
AND A WATCH IT'S GOLD...AND IT'S WORKING!
ASK ME THE TIME SOMEONE COME ON ASK ME
KRAKKK!

KRAKK
KRAKK
AMBUSH
GO!
AHEE
GOTCHA
KRAKK KRAK KRAKK
JESUS WHO THE HELL ARE THEY?
WE'RE HITTING THEIR PROFITS...

THEY'RE STILL uharhhh THEY'RE STILL AFTER US.
THEY GOT RAGS, VICKY. THEY GOT...
WE'LL GO BACK FOR HIM. DOWN HERE. IT'S A DEAD END — BUT THERE'S A FIRE ESCAPE.
OH THAT'S GREAT, VICKY. THAT'S REALLY...
DUTCH! LOOK!
KRAKKK
MOVE IT, FAT ASS! THEY'RE GONNA HIT US!
UP YOURS, CHANDLER... GOING AS FAST AS I CAN...
OH...OH GOD... WE MADE IT...
YEAH. PULL... PULL THE ROPE UP...

IT'S UP.
DRINK, PRESIDENT CHANDLER? VICTORIA?
UH UH.
HEY, YOU HEAR SO MANY RUMORS. THEY SAY HE'S INDESTRUCTIBLE. THAT HE HASN'T LEFT HIS PALACE FOR YEARS...
WHAT WAS HE...REALLY LIKE?
THIRTY EIGHT YEARS AFTER THE FALL.
VETO? HE WAS A FUNNY LITTLE THING. HE WAS LIKE... A WILD ANIMAL. WITH THOSE EYES AND THAT PINCHED LITTLE FACE.
FIRST TIME I SAW HIM WAS ON A ROOFTOP. DUTCH AND I CLIMBED UP THE ROPE AND...
IT DOESN'T MATTER. IT'S ALL GONE. A CORPSE.
THIS ISN'T A WAR.
IT'S A WAKE FOR THE DEAD.


"MICKEY MALONEY RAISED HIS HEAD, WHEN A GALLON OF WHISKEY FLEW AT HIM..."
I THINK I WILL HAVE THAT DRINK NOW, RICHTER.

IT MISSED, AND FALLING ON THE BED, THE LIQUOR SCATTERED ALL OVER FINNEGAN...

"OCH, HE REVIVES! SEE HOW HE RAISES!"
ghmmm VE...TO...
WH...WHERE ...ARE YOU... VE...

"AND FINNEGAN, JUMPING UP FROM BED...

"SEZ WHIRL YOUR LIQUOR AROUND LIKE BLAZES...

"SOULS TO THE DEVIL!..."

"...D'YE THINK I'M DEAD?"
ROBERT KIRKMAN STEVE DILLON
NEXT: "DROP OF THE CREATUR